# THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Written for The Lily.

## APPEAL FOR THE LILY

Hail Child! Land of beauty,
Land of generous cheerful toil,
Home, we pray thee, to "The Lily,"
Kindly welcome to thy soil!

Break the fallow ground around it,
Take by Truth's deep-bedded end,
Leave no old, tough roots to bind it,
Bridge every hardened cleft;

Plant it deeply, firmly,
Where the brightest sunbeams play,
Suffer no rank weed to shade it,
From the genial warmth of day

Shield it from the blast of Passion,
From the bitterness of Spite,—
Blast of Prejudice, and Custom,—
Let it struggle for the light.

Ah! the cold fish crouching coldly,
Breathe no barrier but the sky—
Shut it from the winds and sunshine
Canny it, drink it, it will die!

And the lovely fruit, tempting
Earth it, for no fruit and smell,
Needs as much the wind and sunshine
As the strong oak, proud and tall.

Needs as much the spring time anthem
Needs as much the summer shower,
Autumn's winds, and winter's ice-bands,
To perfect it—heal and flower.

Make it not a tender house-plant
Always to be watched with fear—
Chary it from, in fear or sunshine,
Beyond cold period all the year

Let it swell, as does the tall oak,
Bearing's burr and winter's snow
Give it culture, give it freedom—
Let it have a chance to grow

Upward, onward—still aspiring,
Till it reach the wish of her soul
Till its fragrance and its beauty
Cheer and strengthen every soul.

Patient, earnest, self-sustaining,
Endless pure, of woman's Right,
Still to strive for higher glory,
Still to struggle for the Light.

Arching high its feathery branches
To the pitying Heaven's gaze,
Bud, the life, of perfect beauty
Rapidly to unfold always.

Written for The Lily.

## LOVE, PROPERTY, AND PRINCIPLE.

BY BELIND BUDGET.

"Laura, my love, I have had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr. Gardner, your old beau, to-night," said Edward Wilson as he seated himself beside his young wife, drew her to his breast in a warm affectionate embrace, and placed the seal of devoted and undying love upon her ruby lips.

"Have you, Edward?" eagerly replied Laura. "And is he not going to call on us? and what do you think of him?"

"Two, yes three questions at a time, you Yankee! How eager you are—you suppose I cherish a little antipathy, no doubt,—but I'll tell you. I think him one of Nature's noblemen; but yet he is too strongly tinctured with fanatical notions; and as to his calling on us, he regretted that his business prevented him from spending a few hours with us. He is on his way to attend the Women's Rights Convention at the City, and is fearful of being behind time."

"*Strongly tinctured with fanatical notions!* One would think you belonged to the medical faculty," laughed Laura. "Well, I always thought him one of Nature's noblemen too, but——"

"But what?" asked Edward. "In truth, Laura, I don't see how, with all his wealth, his standing in society, his amiable traits of character, and prepossessing personal appearance, you ever could have refused him and accepted poor plain me;" and a shade of sadness flitted across the bronzed features of her husband.

"Only for love, dear! that's all, chimed the musical voice of Laura, at the same time twining her delicate arms about his neck and pressing her cheek close to his. "I know he loved me, Edward,—I know he is noble and good—in return I gave him my sincere respect, my friendship and good wishes; but some how I happened to have loved you long, *long* ago, when I was but a child, and therefore could *not* give him my *love*."

"Bless you, dearest," and the husband's arms were drawn still closer around his treasure. "May heaven discard me if ever I cause you to regret your choice."

"I should not have been happy had I married him; his home is in the city, and I like a country life—I had been a prisoner all my life within the busy city, and my soul longed to fly away to these green fields, and beautiful groves, and purling streams, to make my fireside *here*, that it might have a foretaste of Heaven while yet it tenanted the clay; and then these fanatical *Women's Rights'* notions—oh dear! *I never could have tolerated* them; they are contrary to my sense of propriety in every respect, and contrary to my religion."

"True, Laura, the efforts of the Women's Rights party are totally uncalled for. What more elevated sphere can woman wish, than she now enjoys? she is looked to as our pattern of perfection—respected, loved, I might say worshipped, and idolized, and as to the property question, she holds her own property, unless she has a husband, and then, the husband only manages for *her*. It is for you, Laura, that *I* work. It is for *your* sake that I seek to make the property you gave me increase in value; that I strive to adorn and beautify this little paradise of ours and make it still lovelier in your eyes. What's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine—that's my motto."

"And *mine too!* so good bye to 'Women's Rights,' and wrongs too—my rights are well enough established;"—and she gave her husband a light tap on the cheek, and kiss to cure it; then darted from the parlor with a merry ringing laugh, and returned with a plate of choice ripe fruits, over which they chatted and smiled away the evening.

The next morning Edward told his wife, as they withdrew from the breakfast table, that he was going to fetch a load of wood, but would be back to give her the promised ride round the farm at half past ten. Laura seated herself with her needle-work at the window, and saw Edward drive away toward a grove, half a mile distant. It was a lovely day in the beginning of Autumn, and the golden sunbeams fell upon as beautiful a landscape as one might ever wish to behold spreading far and wide around the neat cottage of the happy wife. Trees laden with fruit, flowers of gorgeous hues, ornamental trees, and shrubbery, and white houses dotting on every side of the beautiful valley, nestling amid clustering vines and beautiful foliage. Laura watched her husband till he was obscured from her sight by a clump of trees.

"Oh! how I love to see him driving those beautiful steeds, and working at anything about the farm! how I do love to live on a farm!" soliloquized Laura. "And there it is so beautiful here—Edward has taken so much pains to fit this house and yard exactly to my taste;—to be sure *he* was poor, and it is with my fortune that he has done it—but he has done it for *me*. Ah me! my father and mother worked hard for this property and then died and left it all to me, then but a child. Oh! how I wish I had a brother or sister to visit me now; but they are all in Heaven, and I am left alone;—not *alone*, but with the best of husbands." Laura busied with her work, cast an occasional glimpse at the clock:—half past nine—another hour, thought she, and he will be here. The servant girl having finished the morning duties of the kitchen, had gone out to pick berries. Laura was left alone. A vague, indistinct recollection of the last night's conversation passed through her mind. She became uneasy, fancied she heard a waggon, but it was too soon for Edward. She hastened to the hall door, and what did she see? Ah! moment of terror, of agonizing fear and surprise for a loving heart! Those beautiful steeds upon which she had bestowed so much admiration an hour before, were flying with lightning speed toward the dwelling. "They have run away," she shrieked in agony, "and oh! *where is* Edward?" Faster and faster they came, frantic with fright as the falling timbers rolled from the waggon, and boards and splinters flew in every direction, as in their maddened speed they dashed on, rending the vehicle in flinders; and having become loosened from it, they sped on still more furious, scaling the fence at the barnyard, and passing far away into the field beyond. Laura saw them break from the waggon, and giving one smothered groan of despair she hastened in the direction of the grove. Oh how she strained her anxious eyes as she came to the shattered waggon, to see if among the ruins she

might not find the bruised form of her husband! She hastened onward,—every foot of ground seemed a mile in length. A few rods more and she would be at the grove. A large heavy log of wood was just before her—she runs yet a few more steps with desperate haste, and what does she behold? Oh! horror of horrors! and woe of woes! for the heart of a devoted and loving wife to behold a scene like this. "God of mercy! help me! oh, *help me now!*" she ejaculated, as with the fancied strength of a giant she seized the fatal timber and with the utmost difficulty succeeded in rolling it from the form before her. But oh! too late to hope, or save. "Edward! Oh! Edward! do speak but one word more!" she exclaimed, as seated on the ground she held his head in her lap, and wiped with her handkerchief the blood from his forehead and temples. But Edward did not speak. She drew his head against her in one long-drawn nervous embrace; she pressed her lips to his cheek, lip, and brow, but there came back no response of love—no word of hope or consolation; the pulse did not beat, and the heart returned no throbbing for the pressure. "Oh, Father in Heaven! *is* he indeed *dead?*" and one low, bitter, heartrending wail of despair went forth upon the winds, as with a convulsive effort she vainly strove to lift the lifeless form from the dusty street. Some neighbors who had beheld the frightened team soon hastened to render assistance; and Laura at noonday sat beside her husband's corpse in the same parlor, where the evening before she had passed the hours so pleasantly. On the wall hung the life-like picture of Edward. She gazed at it, and then at the rigid features before her. She did not think of the past, or the future—all her thoughts were concentrated upon the present—the horrid reality—the dreadful bitterness of *now*. She did not ask for life—her prayer was for death, *even death*, to remove her from this scene of sorrow, and place her by the side of her inanimate husband. But we cannot always die when we wish. We cannot shut our ears, and cover our eyes, and lie down and forget our sorrows.

Laura buried her husband, and as weeks wore away, she found that some purposes must be formed for the future. She had hitherto known only a dream of life, she must now prepare to meet its realities. Her friends counseled her to return to the city where her cousins (the nearest relatives she had living) resided, but she could not bear the the thought of leaving her beautiful country home. Edward had two brothers living, but they were far distant.

"I will not dispose of this property—I will live here while I live," said she. "Here I can visit my husband's grave—here I can look upon the work of his hands on every side;—here is the land which he has cultivated, the trees which he has planted, and the fences and buildings which he has laid out with especial care. Oh! this is the dearest spot on earth to me."

About a year after Edward's death, a stranger called upon Laura, informing her that he was an attorney employed by the brothers of her deceased husband, to consult with her about making arrangements for the settlement of her husband's estate.

"What estate have you reference to?" inquired Laura.

"This farm and appurtenances, madam!" replied the lawyer.

"But my husband was poor, sir! he had barely property sufficient to complete his education—*this* property was purchased with the estate left *me* by my *parents*."

"And was it secured to you in *your own name?*"

"No, sir! my husband of course had the management of the farm, and owned it while he lived, yet he always considered it as much mine as his; and I know would never have *thought* of *giving* it to any one else."

"Then I am sorry to inform you that his nearest relatives will hold the property according to law, with the exception of one-third, or rather the *interest* of one third, which is your *right* in the estate."

"Then let me die!" exclaimed the agitated woman. "If *this* be law, let me not live to experience more of law—neither to behold pretended justice or humanity. And did my husband know that we were governed by such laws? Did he know that in case he died, his wife could be turned homeless from the roof which had been reared by the hard earnings of her own parents?—tell me, is this true? If so, then oh, Heaven! would that I had never *had* a husband! Would that all the love, and light, and joy of the past, had been but a dark chaos, wrapped in the mantle of oblivion!" and the excited woman trembled in every nerve with the intensity of her emotion.

"Your husband undoubtedly knew that such was law; there are few men but what know this point of law; yet he probably had no forethought of the present condition of this property. Had he been taken away by sickness, or had any warning of the approach of death, he would have provided for you by a *will*. There is no doubt but that it would have been his wish that this property should be solely at your disposal, but you see the *law* knows nothing about a will of *supposition*."

"You can assure the owners of this property, then, that I await their commands—I am ready to leave at their bidding—will accept no proffered pittance from them, nor exact the interest of one third of my own property. I will go out at service, and earn my bread by the labor of my own hands:" and a half smile of contempt flitted across her marble features, upon which was stamped the impress of a determinedness of purpose wrought up by keenest desperation.

Another year, and the home of Laura Wilson was occupied by strangers, having been sold at public sale; and Laura was performing the services of chambermaid in one of the city hotels. She might have found an occupation as teacher—she might have instructed in needlework, or painting, but she chose more arduous duties, that her hands ever at work, might not permit her mind to ponder the past, and become a prey to melancholy reflections.

She was passing a leisure hour one afternoon, seated by her chamber window, communing with past remembrances, and unlocking the avenues of thoughts that were hidden deep in the mysterious chambers of her stricken heart,—thoughts that kindled her eye and crimsoned her cheek, and thrilled every nerve with their intensity,—thoughts that wrought up the imagination almost to phrenzy,—thoughts that haunted her whirling brain at midnight, and startled her from restless slumbers at morning dawn.

"And why is it thus?" she enquired of her own heart; and back came the response, "*Because I am a woman.* Yes, I who once sneered at Woman's Rights, who once derided its advocates, say this. It is because I am a *woman* that I am sent from a home of luxury, to toil for my bread! It is because I am a *woman* that the legacy of my parents to their only daughter is given to strangers by the *robbery of law!* Had I died instead of my husband, no brother of mine could have taken that home from him. *It is because I am a woman;*" and the blinding tears rushed from their fountains, as her door gently opened and the mistress of the hotel entered, and in tones of sweet tenderness spoke consoling words to her troubled soul. Then, as Laura became more composed, she handed her a card, telling her the gentleman whose name it bore was in one of the front parlors, and requested a few moments' conversation with her. She read from the card M. Gardner, and tremblingly descended to meet him. The face of the gentleman wore for a moment a shadow of gloom as he glanced at the faded, care-worn features and emaciated form of Laura. Ah! Laura Wilson, what a contrast with the once beautiful Laura Williams, thought he.

"Years ago, Mrs. Wilson, I made a declaration of love to you, and was rejected; I now crave one favor more of you; I wish to make a declaration of *principles*—will you hear me?"

"Proceed," said Laura, and she pressed both her hands to her throbbing temples, as though she would compress the current that seemed dashing madly to her already excited brain.

"I happen to be one of those unfortunate, misguided men, who believe that *all* human beings are created free and equal—that they *all* have inalienable rights to the pursuit of happiness, and consequently it is not at all *humiliating* to me to know that five years ago I loved a beautiful and amiable woman—that I loved her truly, devotedly, and unchangingly;—that I sought her hand, and was rejected—not haughtily and scornfully rejected, but truthfully and respectfully rejected, because she loved another. I happen to be one of those ill-fated men, too, who can never truly love, but *once*, or but one object, and cannot therefore make a treaty with my affections, and barter this precious principle of love for stipulations of pretended happiness. Five years ago you married the man to whom your heart had been some time a captive. He was a stranger to me, but with an eagerness I could not suppress, enough of his history became known to me to give the assurance that he was noble and good, and that you was happy. A home, or a *residence* in a southern clime far distant, has since been mine, and I returned two weeks ago to find your once dear home in the possession of strangers: and you in the condition of—what? a servant? No! the mistress of this hotel is familiar with your history. She does not regard you as a servant. I do not ask you now to give me your heart, for I know that is buried; but I come to lay mine again at your feet, and entreat you for my sake, to permit me to place you in a station where you may forget some of your present afflictions, and be as happy as can reasonably be expected you ever will be in this world."

"And how will you do this?" interrupted the trembling Laura.

"Give me a husband's right to protect you, and I will hope that by placing you in an elevated position in society, and surrounding you with all things necessary to meet your temporal necessities, you will be happier than you are at present."

"Ah, yes! become again a wife, to be happy, to be surrounded with affluence, and luxury, and if death set his mark upon you by stealth, become your *widow*—to be turned out homeless—a prey to poverty and bitter reflection. Never *again* will I give up *all* for love, while I am subjected to laws that have no higher mission than to oppess the weak, and protect the strong."

"And think you there is no protection from such evils as you predict? Listen, I had an only sister. We were left orphans at an early age. She became the wife of one truly worthy of her. Like myself, he was educated for the bar, and we journeyed together on professional business many miles from home. He was the victim of pulmonary disease, and while traveling an unfrequented road, and distant from any dwelling, the rupture of a blood vessel caused his death. He was aware of his condition and spoke of his property concerns with great emotion. My sister's fortune had passed under his control at her marriage, and he had an only brother who was at bitter enmity with him, yet he knew in his dying moments that *that* brother could legally take from his wife the fortune she bro't him. His words were: 'For God's sake, brother! protect Emily, and if possible, save *her* property, at least, from the hands of my relatives. Oh! God of mercy! I ought to have known better than to have placed her at their mercy!" and making an effort to say something farther, died with my sister's name upon his lips. I represented the case to that brother of his—reasoned, remonstrated, and endeavored to make honorable stipulations with him: but of no avail. My sister was allowed the interest of one third of her deceased husband's estate; and her sensitive nature, stricken with the two-fold affliction of her idolized husband's death, and the heartless contempt manifested for his dying request by his own kindred, became inconsolable—not for property's sake, for my fortune was ample for us both—I would have cherished her as my own soul, but she died—faded and pined, and passed away like a withered leaf in an unexpected moment. Think you I came unreasonably by my views of the rights of woman? Think you that I have not gained by dear experience these fanatical notions, which render me an object of hatred to the time-serving adherents of long honored custom?"

"Enough—I will become your wife; and though I bring you not the early love of a young and devoted heart, I will respect you as I never yet respected mortal—even this will I do for your *principles*, though *all earth* should hate you."

Mr. Gardner left the city on business, promising to return in a week and make Laura his bride. At the expiration of that time he appeared, and de-

signing to make Laura a bridal present ere the marriage ceremony was performed, brought with him the deeds in her name, of her former home in the country, which he had purchased during his absence; and after receiving a sum of money from her, necessary to satisfy the demands of law in such cases, it was signed by Mr. Gardner, and the attendant witness; and Laura Wilson became the proprietor of the beautiful estate, where she had once lived so happily with the object of her heart's first devotedness. Laura wept—wept tears of gratitude, of hope,—we do not say of love, as Mr. Gardner handed her the papers, saying, "Laura, as long as you live no earthly power can take that home from you again, without your voluntary consent." A few hours more, and Laura Wilson became Laura Gardner, and the tears vanished from her pale cheek, and faint smiles cast their sunbeam radiance over a brow where sorrow had left many a shade of gloom.

Mr. Gardner's health had been failing for some months, and a residence in the country was thought advisable by his physicians. Accordingly the home of Laura was fitted up for their reception, and before one year had passed, Laura Gardner had watched many a night at the bedside of her invalid husband. Scrofula, that fearful, terrible disease, that makes such a wreck of the human frame ere death terminates the scene, was fast obliterating the traces of manly beauty from the face of Mr. Gardner. Hideous ulceration had destroyed nearly the whole of one cheek and eyes; but the glorious principle which had governed his life, had not faded in the conflict of disease and the clay tenement; neither had the respect which his wife had promised lessened, as beauty and grace had been covered with deformity.

The conqueror came—and as Mr. Gardner saw the shadows of the grave falling around him, he felt his hand clasped in both of his wife's, and a a kiss of truest affection upon his brow.

"Laura! dearest, you thought once that you never could *love* me, but you *do*, do you *not*?"

"Love you—yes! as I never yet loved other mortal!" and the clasped hand was pressed still closer, as at her husband's request she knelt at his bedside and offered a hopeful, fervent prayer. The scene soon closed.

Mrs. Gardner received half her husband's estate by his will. This, in addition to her own beautiful home, rendered her quite wealthy; and though she has been severely tried in the furnace of affliction, she is still a useful and apparently a happy woman. The property which she received by her husband's will, she designs to bestow for the advancement of the principles for which he labored much while living. She does not now feel as though a "Womans' Rights Convention" is an intolerable movement, and her motto is, LET EVERY WOMAN LOOK WELL TO HER OWN PROPERTY, LEST SHE FIND HERSELF A BEGGAR.

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

At a regular meeting of the Executive Committee of the Womens' N. Y. State Temperance Society, held in Buffalo Dec. 7th, 8th, and 9th, inst., Mrs. BLOOMER having decided to remove to Ohio, sent in her resignation as Corresponding Secretary of the Society; which being accepted, a vote of thanks was offered Mrs. B. for her former services, and on motion Mrs. ANGELINA FISH, of Victor, Ontario Co., was appointed to fill her place, to whom all correspondence relative to the Society should be directed. ANGELINA FISH,

Cor. Sec'y of the Womens' N. Y. State Tem. Soc.

VICTOR, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1853.

☞ The female compositors who have been received as apprentices, to learn, are *already*, after only two week's experience, beginning to be quite expert and useful. The experiment, it is now clear, will prove successful and mutually advantageous. We have fifteen intelligent women drawn from different occupations—teachers, milliners, etc., etc.,—who will be able, at much less labor, to earn much more than ever before, and at steady employment. There are very many who feel a deep interest in this movement, and we report progress for their benefit. In another year several hundred females will find profitable employment in this new field. —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Written for The Lily.

### THE DEVASTATIONS OF INTEMPERANCE.
### Or, The Drunkard's Wife.

Charles Dudly wooed and won a young and beautiful girl, one that was worthy of his affections. He took her to his elegant home. Many happy hours they passed in each other's fond smiles, and honeyed words. Charles loved Haydee his young bride to mad idolatry. Little did she dream of the lurking foe that was hovering around her path of wedded bliss; that her life should be short and dubious; that she was to be a victim, as many have, suffering worse than if their flesh should have been crisped with red hot irons; crushing the beauties of woman's heart—love and hope.

One night a particular chum of Charles' invited him to attend the club—he refused on the plea that he must spend the evening at home with his wife: after considerable persuading by his friend he promised to go, hastily penning a note, sent to his Haydee, that a friend, requested him to spend the evening in his society; but would return early. How anxiously Haydee noted the moments and hours that dragged so sluggishly along, can be better imagined by those that have experienced. Ten o'clock came, still he did not come. She was pale with fear; he had never tarried so late before, since they were wed. She sat at the window peering out into the thick darkness. She thought she heard his step; she started, but no, it was the closing of a shutter. She formed every sound into steps like her husband's. A quick, short step: it came nearer and nearer. Haydee held her breath; yes, it was him, he mounted the steps; she flew to the hall door. Charles pressed her to his bosom, and a scalding drop fell upon her cheek as he kissed her pallid brow.

"Forgive me, my own dear Haydee, I have sinned and am unworthy of your love."

"Oh! Charles, tell me all; do not keep me in suspense longer—'tis dreadful. You are here unhurt; I see nothing to cause this excitement."

"Hayde, you can never love me again, after I tell you what I have done. Say you will forgive me, and I will explain all."

Haydee looked at him; she saw his brow was flushed—he acted so strangely.

"Forgive you, Charles? yes ten thousand times; but what have you done?"

"Then, Haydee, I have this night revelled too freely in the wine cup, and am fevered and excited, but no more shall my lips be polluted with the filthy drug."

Haydee now knew the cause of that flushed brow and quick movements of his body; and laying her head upon his breast, a low sob burst from her lips, and she clung still closer to him, as if to shield the form she worshipped from all danger. Raising her tear moistened eyes, as soon as she could compose her voice, she said,

"Ask that Power on high to lend his aid in strengthening you to keep this promise. Do not again seek the society of those who will lead you into vice, but seek the smiles of her you vowed at the altar to love, cherish and protect."

Months passed;—with fear Haydee noticed the growing coldness of her husband—his fondness had turned to estrangement. What could be the reason? What had she done? As time divulges all things, so it brought to light the cause of Charles' actions towards his wife. The serpent of the still had charmed him!

'Twas a calm, beautiful night that Charles Dudley returned to his once happy home. They had been married just one year. He groped his way through the hall; a horrid oath fell from his lips as he stumbled against a chair. Finding the door of his room he opened it, and staggering in, he beheld his wife bending over their little babe. Its baby brow was hot; his parched lips and rolling eyes too distinctly told that a raging fever had grasped the infant bud. With pleading looks the mother turned to her husband,—could it be possible that her Charles had been drinking again? Yes! it was too true! She told him that their little one was ill. He brutally pushed her from him, muttering that he "did not care if it died;" and throwing himself upon the bed, was soon sunk in a drunken sleep.

There the broken-hearted mother sat through the long hours of night alone, beside the little crib, bathing the fevered brow and dry lips of her first born.

And was this the man who had promised to love, cherish and protect her? He had taken her from her home a young, joyous being, but to crush her to the earth. The cup of bitterues was full—but she must not murmur.

The physician had been called. He told the fond mother that there was hope as long as there was life; but she saw that his brow was thoughtful. Could death blight the fair bud, and rob her of all her joy? Her loved Charles had been tempted and had fallen; vainly had she striven to save him; he had become depraved, cold and cruel. Then to her innocent babe did Haydee turn for happiness. As the unconscious infant slumbered on her breast, a prayer was wafted to heaven that he, her darling boy, might not be thus tempted. The prayer was to be answered, but his life was to be the forfeit.

The doctor soon pronounced the child out of danger, but said great care must be taken, as a relapse might prove fatal. Early and late the mother watched beside the couch. With rapture she beheld the returning brightness of his cherub eye. The baby-laugh sent a thrill of joy to her heart, such as a mother only kows. But, alas! her joy was soon changed to sorrow!

When the doctor came a few mornings after, he saw that a change had taken place for the worse. A rolling of the eyes and head, told that brain-fever had set in. It was too late for any medical skill to save the infant.

All this while the father had been steeped in the maddening poison, plunging deeper and deeper into vice, drowning the moans of his suffering babe, and thoughts of his injured, suffering wife, in the intoxicating cup.

The gentle wind enters a half open window, and plays with the winding sheet of the dead babe. His dimpled arms were folded on his clay-cold breast; his little limbs are stiff. The infant lids have drooped, hiding from mortal gaze those deep blue eyes. A half blown bud is placed on his bosom;—the muslin folds of his shroud loosely encircle the once living mould,—but the spirit has fled. 'Tis all still within that room of death. Nought arises to break the silence. The mother has clasped her arms with frenzied grief around the lifeless form; but the tears refuse to flow,—the fountain of grief is sealed.

The babe was buried. The frail, broken-hearted mother drooped; and in two short weeks she rested by the side of her child.

The bereaved husband awoke to his loss too late. His Haydee had died without forgiving him. He was in the rum shop when she breathed her last. Her father had been informed in time to receive her last look, and to take charge of her lifeless form. Charles Dudly saw the misery he had caused, and vowed over the new made grave of his wife that he would forsake the cursed bowl, and live to her memory. And well did he keep that vow. He now rests beside her in his last sleep.

This is but one of tens of thousands of incidents caused by intemperance. C. M. J.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN GEORGIA.—There is a bill before the legislature of Georgia, proposing that the property of the wife at the time of marriage, shall not vest in the husband, and that all property she may subsequently acquire by grant, or devise, shall absolutely vest in herself and her heirs. The husband shall be an ex-Officio Trustee of the wife's estate, subject to removal by the judgment of the Court of Equity. He is also empowered to expend the rents, issues and profits of the wife's separate estate for family uses. This project seems to be awakening a deal of earnest discussion, which is so far favorable to the much needed understanding of this question in the South, where the topic has been rendered contraband by connecting it in the public mind with abolitionism, &c. *The Rome Courier*, "at the hazard of being esteemed ungallant," pronounces the bill "highly objectionable." Mr. Miller, of Augusta, is the author of the bill. —*Tribune.*

☞ A bright countenance brought down stairs in the morning, makes a little in-door sun that cheers us through the day.

# THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, JANUARY 2, 1854

### ALL ABOUT THE LILY.

Readers all, from our new home "at the West," we send you greeting, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We congratulate ourself, and we are sure you will congratulate us on the fine appearance which THE LILY presents in entering upon a new volume, and new year. We think we may justly feel proud of the improvement made both in its form and execution. It is printed on entire new type, from the foundry of NATHAN LYMAN of Buffalo, N. Y. Our new and beautiful head was engraved by VANDUZEE & BARTON, also of Buffalo. The press work is done upon one of Northrop's power presses, belonging to HIGGINS & BLOOMER, and propelled by steam power.

Heretofore the paper has been printed on a hand press, in the office of a political paper, and where all kinds of job work was done. We consequently labored under great disadvantage by having it delayed, and then hurried out, without the care and attention it should have received. We now have an office and type of our own, and employ our own printer to do the work of The Lily exclusively—independent of any other office, or business. We wish we could say that our compositor is a *woman*, as we greatly desire to have the work done by female hands. But that we cannot do at present. Though there are many young women entering printing offices as type setters, we know not where we can obtain one sufficiently acquainted with the business to take the entire charge of making up our paper;—and so we must entrust it to men till we can learn a woman to do it—or find one who has already learned the trade. Such a one will be gladly welcomed to our office.

So much for the externals, and business department of our paper. Of the reading contents of this number we think we may speak with equal praise.

The "Appeal," from our good friend Mrs. GAGE, is timely and good, and we hope it will be listened to and heeded.

"Love, Property, and Principle," from a new contributor, will be found interesting and useful—and especially so to women who live in States where the old common law, which gives to the husband the property of the wife, is still in force. Women are too ignorant of the laws by which they are governed, and they need enlightenment that they may be sufficiently aroused to demand their right to a voice in the enactment of those laws.

"Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs, According to Law," will also be found highly interesting and instructive; and we hope no one will pass by the series of articles which will appear under this head, without a careful reading.

The "Appeal for Temperance, to the Women of Ohio," should be carefully read and pondered, not only by the women of this, but of every other State.

The letters of farewell and good wishes from Mrs. Fish and Mr. Gallup, and the one of welcome from Harriet Torrey, are equally gratifying to us, and we trust will not prove uninteresting to our readers.

To these, and all other writers who have contributed to enrich our columns, we tender our grateful acknowledgments, and crave a continuance of their favors.

And now, friends, having fairly introduced THE LILY to you in its new dress, we bespeak for it your kind and fostering care as it journeys through the year.

### MOUNT VERNON.

Many of our friends will be anxious to know something about our new home in the "Buckeye State," and how we are pleased with its people. But we can as yet give them but little information. We are a stranger in the midst of strangers. We see none of the kind, familiar faces we were so wont to meet at every step in our old and favorite residence in New York. All—all are missing; and we live and move among those of whom we know nothing. And yet we do not regret coming hither. There is a wide field of labor here opened before us, and it is our purpose, if life and health are spared, to enter into, and improve it to the best of our ability.

Mount Vernon is a pleasant town, or city, beautifully situated on the Vernon river, a branch of the Muskingum, about 100 miles south of Cleveland, and 50 miles northeast of Columbus, near the centre of the State. It contains a large number of stores, several extensive manufactories, and gives steady employment to a large number of mechanics—who form here, as everywhere, the most useful portion of the population. It has also a Bank, Court House, Jail, and other public buildings. Some of the private residences recently erected, bear evidence of much taste and refinement. Altogether, it is a handsome and enterprising city, full of life and bustle—though our eye has detected room for improving and beautifying it.

As to the people, as we said before, we are strangers to all; yet from all with whom we have come in contact, we have received respectful and pleasant greetings. We hope they will see nothing in us, or the reforms we advocate, to cause them to regret our coming among them. These reforms have already many friends here. The cause of Temperance, especially, has many devoted advocates; and although, in common with their brethren in the State, they were overborne by adverse influences at the last election, they will labor on undismayed in the work before them, so long as a single victim of Intemperance shall remain to be saved.

We know not what is the general opinion here on the subject of Woman's Rights, or how many there are who sympathise with, or advocate the cause. But we trust, as they are a progressive people, that they will tolerate the freest expression of sentiment on that, as on every other proper subject of discussion; and that they will hear, and carefully examine all questions of reform, before they denounce and condemn.

Ohio is still far behind New York, and other States, on the question of Woman's Rights. The old rule of the Common Law, which gives to the husband the entire control of the property of his wife, is still in full force here. Whether this enactment of a barbarous age meets with the approval of the people generally, or whether any effort has been made to repeal it, we are unable to say. We trust the *women* of the State will ere long be sufficiently aroused to demand that such a law be expunged from the statute books; and that they be allowed not only the right to their own property, but the right to their own earnings also.

There are four newspapers published in Mount Vernon besides THE LILY—three political and one literary. Of the latter (*The Western Home Visitor*) our husband has recently assumed the editorial charge; and we have, just to please him and his partner, allowed our name to be associated with his in its management. Our readers may be assured, however, that this will not lessen our interest in, or care for our pet, THE LILY. That will always have our first and best attentions. After that is properly cared for, if Mr. B. desires our assistance, we are sure no one would justify us in withholding it. He will always take the laboring oar in the *Visitor*—leaving us to add such thoughts, and so many of them as suits our time and pleasure.

This, friends, far and near, is all we have to say of Mount Vernon at present. We shall doubtless have occasion to speak of it, and its doings, frequently hereafter.

### TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS IN MOUNT VERNON.

We give below a list of the different Temperance organizations in this city, and the time of meeting. How efficient these societies are in removing from their beautiful and flourishing city the great curse of intemperance, which broods so fearfully over the State, we know not; nor have we yet learned what are the laws here on the subject, or how far they sustain the efforts of the friends of Temperance. Judging from the sounds in the streets, which disturbed our slumbers for several nights after our arrival here—during our stay at the Kenyon House—there is fault some where, and necessity for action, both on the part of temperance men, and city officers. The impression left on the minds of strangers by such scenes is not very favorable to either.

TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

MT. VERNON DIVISION, No. 71, S. of T. meets every Monday evening.

MT. VERNON UNION, Daughters of Temperance No. —, meets every Friday afternoon.

MT. VERNON TEMPLE OF HONOR meets first and fourth Tuesday evening in each month.

MT. VERNON SOCIAL DEGREE, No. 20, meets every Wednesday evening.

### WOMEN'S OHIO STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

As will be seen by a call which we publish, this Society will hold its Annual meeting at Columbus on the 11th and 12th of this month. We hope there will be a grand rally of the temperance women, and men too, of the State at that time. The cause demands earnest effort on the part of all its friends, and we know that none can more successfully carry it forward than woman. Let all come together then, at this annual gathering, that they may counsel each other, and gain strength and wisdom for a successful warfare against the greatest enemy of the human race, Intemperance.

☞ A large and spirited temperance convention was held in Chicago, Ill., on the 7th ult. Delegates were present from twenty-three counties. To concentrate and render more efficient the efforts of the friends of the cause, the convention resolved to organize a "MAINE LAW ALLIANCE," which should have for its fundamental principle and object, the entire suppression of the use of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, by efficient legal enactments.

☞ We are happy to learn that our friend and co-worker, Mrs. H. ATTILIA ALBRO, Agent and Secretary of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society, is appointed a delegate from that Society to the Women's Temperance Convention, to be held in Columbus, Ohio, on the 11th and 12th of this month. It will do our heart good to see her pleasant face again, and we hope nothing will occur to prevent our welcoming her to Ohio.

### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We have a letter from W. D. Potter, enclosing fifty cents to renew his subscription to THE LILY, (on which we are charged five cents postage,) which seems to require some notice at our hands. The writer opens by telling us that he is highly pleased with our paper, and would gladly increase its circulation, &c.; but he says, "as near as I can learn, you are yet altogether too afraid of public opinion." He then proceeds to tell us wherein he thinks we lack courage—says for his part he is opposed to many things: he will mention them, and he wishes us to publish them in our paper, and *if we don't comply with his wish, he don't know but he shall have to withdraw from our company!* He then goes on to tell what he is opposed to, but brings no reasons or arguments to sustain his position.

Mr. POTTER must have read us very wrongly if he supposes we are to be frightened, or intimidated by such a threat. If we are "afraid of popular opinion," we certainly are not afraid of the opinion of any one man—be he high or low, learned or unlearned. So long as we are publisher of THE LILY we shall conduct it as we please. When that privilege is denied us, we will ourself withdraw from it. We know very well that there are a few individuals, who are not satisfied to let us manage our own business in our own way. They like us as far as we go, but because we do not go to the extreme that they do in *everything* they are disposed to complain, and censure. We wish these to understand, once for all, that we have no fears in doing what we believe to be right—what we believe will promote the great and good objects for which we labor. But we differ somewhat from some of our friends in certain matters of belief; and we also differ as to the best mode of bringing about certain desirable reforms. But while we differ on some questions, we agree on others; and on these we are ready to go hand in hand with them. If they can meet and sustain us on this ground, well; —if they cannot, they must seek a paper more truly after their own hearts, and one which they believe better calculated to do good. We cannot be turned from what we believe to be right; and knowing as we do that we have two classes of readers to please, we think our own judgment will dictate the most proper course to pursue.

It is our aim to please all, so far as we can do so and please ourself at the same time; but we cannot please the one party in all things, at the risk of displeasing both the other party and ourself. By heeding the wish of those who would dictate, we drive from us those whom we desire to benefit, and who need the little light and strength that THE LILY has to bestow.

We shall be pleased at all times to receive the advice and suggestions of our friends, and will give their opinions all due consideration; but we cannot be *forced*, or intimidated by frowns and threats, to do what is contrary to our own feelings, and what our judgment cannot approve. The publication of Mr. Potter's sentiments, and what he is opposed to, would result in no good to us or any one else, and we therefore withhold them.

☞ NATHAN BAKER, Esq., is our agent at Seneca Falls, N. Y., to whom subscriptions for THE LILY may be given.

☞ Any person remitting us two dollars can have both the HOME VISITOR and THE LILY, for one year. The Visitor is a large weekly literary and news journal.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Since publishing our last list of acknowledgements, letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons:

P. P. Green, Frances Field, Julia S. Webb, J C. Purdy, J. B. Ball, R. Strang, C. V. Olds, E. R. Griffith, S. E. Stoddard, P. Myers, H. C. Robertson, Wm. E. Lukins, Caroline A. Gould, Peter Bennett, Miss M. J. Tappan, Emily Clark, E. W. R. Allen, I. C. Gallup, E. M. Atwell, L. L. Berry, Miss Filkins, M. Wilcoxen, Mrs. S. H. Chase, A. A. Wiley, S. S. Coryell, Geo. Davis, Jane E. Walton, R. D. Woodley, Mrs. M. E. W. Clark, P. C. Bassett, J. L. Osborn, J. Van Buskirk, E. J. Walker, Mrs. Beckwith, Julia A. Simmons, Miss M. M. McNeil, (2,) Mrs. A. Le Petit Martin, B. Allen, W. D. Potter, J. K. B. Clayton, M. J. Newton, F. D. Fenner, Melinda Frost, Mary Grew, Emma Brown, E. C. Wright, C. Adams, J. M. Shaver, S. B. Booth, A. M. Fulkerson, Ann Bell, H. Allen, Sarah D. Butler, Laura Runyan, Wm. C. Wood, Knightstown, Ind., B. Comings, G. W. Hickox, A. T. Swift, S. A. Shepard, B. R. Voorhees, Mary J. Taylor, E. S. Taylor, E. N. Nichols, Benj. Michener.

"Mrs. Miller, a daughter of Gerrit Smith, excites a great deal of curiosity in Washington, by appearing in full Bloomer costume.—*Exchange.*

It has been a query in the minds of many whether Mrs. Miller would adhere to the short dress in going to Washington; and the general opinion has been that she would not. It was thought that she would hardly dare to stand alone before the elite of that city in so odious a dress; and all looked to see her conform to the fashion and again don the draggling skirt. We are happy to know that such is not the case—that she has too much independence to sacrifice her own feelings and bow to the mandates of the goddess fashion,—that she has set at defiance the remarks and opinions of the vain and giddy throng who crowd the streets of the capital, and dared to appear among them in a sensible, comfortable, and convenient costume

Mrs. Miller's course in this matter is far more consistent than that of some others we wot of, who were foremost in donning and recommending the dress, and protesting that that they would never wear any other. There is a governing principle in her actions which leads her to do what is right, regardless of the speech of people, or the favors of friends.

☞ We have received a Supplementary number of the *Windham Co. Democrat*, from which we learn that the publication of that paper is suspended, owing to the ill health of the publisher, Mr. NICHOLS. We regret parting with this weekly messenger of good, as it has ever been one of our most valued exchanges. Yet knowing as we do the care and responsibility devolving upon an editor and publisher, we cannot blame our sister NICHOLS, when her husband's health failed, for hesitating, and finally declining to bear *alone* this weight of care and anxiety. The lecturing field, upon which she has entered, and in which she is so well qualified to labor, is far more inviting; and we trust she will find it at least equally profitable. Yet we have hopes that Mrs. NICHOLS will again ere long resume her editorial charge. She tells us that the *Democrat* "is not dead, but sleepeth." It only waits the coming of those who will properly care for it, to waken it to new life.

☞ We shall commence in our next an original story by Mrs. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

### THE ROCHESTER WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Owing to our time being occupied with preparations for moving, we were unable to attend this convention, much to our regret. Nor have we seen a full report of its proceedings. We are told, however, that they were highly interesting and practical, and that there were no disturbing elements to interrupt the harmony of the convention. The resolutions are good, but too long for us to copy entire; we therefore give only the eighth, and last three, which show that this was a meeting for *action*, and that the work of petitioning the Legislature of New York to grant to woman her right of suffrage, is to be at once entered upon. The resolutions are as follows:

8. *Resolved*, That, whereas the evident intent of the Legislators of the State of New York has for many years been progressively to do away the legal disabilities of Women, which existed under the almost savage usages of the old Common Law, therefore we do urgently call upon the Legislature of this State, at its next session, to appoint a Joint Committee to examine and revise the Statutes, and to propose remedies for the redress of all legal grievances from which Women now suffer, and suitable measures for the full establishment of Woman's legal equality with Men.

12. *Resolved*, That inasmuch as it is the rudamental principle of this nation, and of every State in this Union, that all Governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," it is a manifest violation of the supreme law of the land for males to govern females without their consent: and, therefore, do we demand of the people of New York such a change in the Constitution of the State as will secure to Woman the right of suffrage, which is now so unjustly monopolized by men.

13. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to prepare and to present an address to the Legislature of New York at its next session, stating as specifically as they shall see fit, the legal disabilities of women, and to invite a hearing before a joint committee specially appointed to consider the whole subject of the just and equal rights of women.

14. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to prepare an address to capitalists and industrialists of New York, on the best modes of employing and remunerating the energies of women.

HOT CORN; or LIFE SCENES in New York, by Solon Robinson. We have received from the publishers, Messrs. DEWITT & DAVENPORT, of New York, an elegantly bound copy of this finely printed, and deeply interesting work. Many of the stories which it contains, all of which are taken from actual life, have heretofore been published in whole, or in part, in the New York Tribune, where they excited great interest, and have been widely read in all parts of the country. They are here collected together in a handsome volume with other entertaining matter.

Their perusal cannot fail to have a good effect; and we think the author has done a good work in presenting them in this form to the public. If you want an interesting and good book to read, friends, we commend this to your attention.

The late hour at which our copy was received prevents a more extended notice.

For sale at WHITE'S in this city.

But few of our *Exchanges* have complied with our request to send their papers to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, instead of Seneca Falls, N. Y., consequently we are deprived of much valuable reading that we prize. Papers are not forwarded to us from Seneca Falls, and our brothers of the press will oblige us greatly by changing the direction on their books. The *Olive Branch, Philadelphia Register, N. Y. Tribune, Utica Telegraph*, &c., will please give heed to our request.

"Cleveland Convention."—The letter sent us by Mr. Walker, on this subject is so nearly like the one published in our last number from Mr. Lukens, that we think it not worth while to lay it before our readers—especially as we are crowded with matter that is entitled to a preference. We have said our say on the subject of this letter; all of which the writer has seen; and we do not care to pursue it at this late day. We see not as any good can come from it. We are sorry to differ from any of our friends on subjects of reform, but necessity sometimes compels it. We felt that we had a right to express an opinion on some of the proceedings of the Cleveland Convention, and we did so honestly and fearlessly. If our friends differ from us in that matter, they have the same right to their opinion that we have to ours. We are not moved at all from our position by their censures, and we presume they are in no wise affected in theirs by our strictures. We hope we shall not be under the necessity of alluding to this subject again.

☞ As we issued no paper for the 15th of December, our old subscribers are justly entitled to this number, and we therefore send it to all. Those whose subscriptions have expired, and who wish to continue the paper, will please send in their names and money as soon as possible; as we shall strike from our subscription list all who do not renew their subscriptions after the receipt of this number. Our terms are strictly payment in advance; and those who want the paper will adhere to this rule. To those who do not care for it, we are not so anxious to send it, as to do it at our own risk.

We hope to have the pleasure of enrolling many, if not all the names with which we have become so familiar, as subscribers to The Lily for 1854.

The Water Cure and Phrenological Journals, for January, are promptly on our table. Of the many publications we receive there are none so truly useful as these. The numbers before us contain more than their usual amount of interesting reading matter, and are numerously illustrated. The biographical sketches of Grace Greenwood and Wm. Ellery Channing, in the Phrenological Journal, will be found higly interesting;—and especially that of the former. The many admirers of Grace Greenwood will feel under obligation to Messrs. Fowlers & Wells, for the rich treat here furnished them.

Both of these Journals commence new volumns with the year, and now is the time to subscribe. Address Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau street, New York. Terms, one dollar each.

☞ We learn from the *Wyoming Mirror* that Miss Clark, and Mrs Shipherd, agents of the Women's N. Y. State Temperance Society are lecturing in Wyoming Co. Miss Clark has been an active and efficient agent of the society ever since its organization. Mrs Shipherd has more recently entered the field. She is spoken of in high terms of praise as a lecturer. Her appeals are said to be touching, eloquent, and convincing. She is the wife of a Congregational clergyman in St. Lawrence Co. The people of western New York will be greatly benefited by the labors of these two women if they will but listen to, and sustain them in their work. The *Mirror* says and we think justly.

"Women have done more for the cause of temperance in our State the last year than men, and we hope they will continue their labor of love."

## SENECA FALLS.

We are under lasting obligations to the people of Seneca Falls, the place of our former residence, for the many proofs of kindness and affection generously extended to ourself and husband upon the occasion of our recent removal from among them. Their memories, and the memory of their kind regard and friendly relations, will be cherished by us to the end of our life as the brightest event in our history.

We copy below, from the *Seneca County Courier*, a notice of the public testimonial of respect extended to us; but this, gratifying as it was, was but one of the evidences of sympathy and regard which were so generously manifested in our behalf, and which makes us look back to our old home, and the friends we have left there, with the deepest and most abiding interest:

### Demonstration of Respect to Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer.

"D. C. Bloomer, Esq., having made known his intention to remove from this village, where he has resided for sixteen years past, the numerous friends of himself and wife assembled by appointment at Union Hall, on Tuesday evening last, for the purpose of publicly testifying their respect for them. The proceeding originated with theGood Templars, a Temperance order, to which Mr. and Mrs.B. belong, but was participated in by citizens of all classes. The assemblage, composed about equally of both sexes, was very large, numbering, we should judge, from four to five hundred persons. Five tables, most bountifully spread, and extending the whole length of the Hall, were twice filled. After the refreshments were disposed of, C. Salisbury, Esq., was called to the chair, and speeches and toasts followed. Appropriate and extended remarks were made by Gilbert Wilcoxen, Esq., C. H. Weed, Esq., S. D. Tillman, Esq., Rev. Mr. Frary, and others. We are not able to report what was said, but the sentiments offered were highly complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. B. both of whom responded in a very handsome manner. The following resolutions were also presented and passed by a hearty and unanimous aye:

"*Whereas*, We have learned that our respected friend and fellow-citizen, Dexter C. Bloomer, and his wife, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, are about to remove from this village;

"*And Whereas*, They have, during the long period they have resided among us, not only sustained the character of good citizens, but have been known as efficient and active laborers in the cause of Temperance. Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we, the Temperance men and women of Seneca Falls, here assembled on this occasion, do tender to Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer our warmest and most sincere acknowledgments for their faithful and devoted services in promoting the noble work of redeeming the world from the evils of intemperance.

"*Resolved*, That as citizens of this village, we also desire to tender to Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer an expression of the high regard we entertain for them, and to bear our willing testimony to the general esteem and respect in which they are held by their neighbors and associates, among whom they have so long resided.

"*Resolved*, That while we part with our friends with sincere regret, our warmest wishes for their future welfare will go with them to their new home, and we shall always hear of their prosperity and happiness with the greatest satisfaction.

"The serious part of the proceedings having been got along with, music and dancing were introduced, and the festivities were prolonged until a late hour, when the assembly dispersed and all retired to their homes, with a consciousness of having discharged their duty to valued friends who were about removing from their midst.

The whole of the proceedings passed off most agreeably and pleasantly, and we regard the affair as the very highest compliment that could have been paid to those in whose honor it was got up. Having ourself for a long time enjoyed the most intimate relations with Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer, we are happy to know that they are fully deserving of the respect and esteem in which they are held by our citizens, who have had abundant opportunity to test their character and motives in the discharge of their duties as members of society.

☞ There is to be a convention of Editors and Publishers at Cincinnati on the 10th of this month. Wonder if they will admit women to seats in the Convention? What say you, sisters Aldrich and Wentworth, shall we all claim our rights as editors?

Disciple Anti-Slavery Convention.—This convention will be held in Cleveland Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday—the 11th and 12th of this month, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

☞ The Office of The Lily is in the Kremlin Block, second floor, second door on the left hand side of the hall.

## EVENING.

BY MARY.

The stars are all up in the home of the blest,
And the sun has gone down on the land of the west:
That beautiful land that we sigh to behold,
With its ocean-laved coast of verdure and gold.
The breezes of evening are wafting along
The perfume of flowers, and laden with song;
The song of the herdsman, as homeward he hies,
While joy lights his brow, like a beam from the skies.

So holy and quiet this Heavenly hour,
My heart feels the spell of its magical power;
While 'neath the soft shade of the evergreen trees,
I bare my warm brow to the evening breeze.
Oh! an hour like this hath a power to impart
A smile to the lip, and a sigh the heart;
The heart, that o'er burdened with anguish and sorrow,
Hath no joy in the past, no hope for the morrow

There's a spot that I love, by the calm Genesee,
Where the vine twines its leaves round the butternut tree;
Where often I wander to catch the cool breeze,
And watch the pale starlight above the green leaves.
Oh! a sacred spot is that beautiful bower,
Where often I stray at the evening hour;
And I ne'er will forget that "sly little nook,"
Near the home of my childhood, my own Alderbrook.

May 17, 1853.

## STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the "State Temperance Society of the Women of Ohio," will be held in Columbus, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th of January next.

It is true our hopes of immediate and efficient legislative action for Temperance have diminished since the unfavorable result of the late election; but if this has shown us the need of a greater preparatory work among the people, than we had supposed necessary, instead of being disheartened, we should buckle on the armor anew, resolved to conquer at all hazards; for it is a work for God and humanity, which we have no right, and should have no inclination to lay aside.

Let us then come up in great numbers from all portions of the State, and let us especially have delegates and reports from all the female Temperance Societies of every name in the State, and let each delegation come prepared with resolutions, and if possible, with speeches, and with money to aid the cause. Let us once more unite in our deliberations, in order that we may labor more wisely, unitedly, and efficiently the coming season.

Arrangements will be made by citizens of Columbus for entertaining, gratuitously, ladies in attendance from abroad.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
J. C. Bateham, Prest.

☞[Ohio papers please copy.]☜

—Judgment is not a swift growing plant; it requires time and culture to mature it, while fancy often springs up and blossoms in a single hour. The fragrance of the first, however, is lasting, while that of the latter is as transient as its stem is fragile.—*Hosea Ballou.*

For The Lily.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WOMAN'S WRONG ACCORDING TO LAW.

In perusing the essays, speeches, and other productions, which in these latter days so frequently make their appearance before the public, on the subject of Women's Rights and Wrongs, there is too often manifested a very great misunderstanding of woman's true position in the eye of the law. Nor should this fact be either a matter of surprise or censure. Most of these articles are from the pens of women, who have ever been excluded from the studies and pursuits designed to qualify the other sex for judging rightly, and writing correctly upon those subjects. It was long ago decided in the councils of Conservatism, that to study either Blackstone or Kent, was decidedly unladylike, and mannish, and therefore quite beyond the circle of woman's duties, or the limits of her capacity. Whatever knowledge she has gained, therefore, upon the great questions of her legal rights, and responsibilities, she has been compelled to take at second hand—to pick up here and there, as best she could. It is greatly to be hoped, not only for woman's sake, but for the sake of society generally, that she should not always be thus excluded from that fund of knowledge, the attainment of which is so necessary for her elevation and improvement. We have already female physicians and female clergymen; let us have also female lawyers, and then for the first time, will woman be placed in a position from whence she can fully, and correctly set forth her rights, and expose the wrongs to which she is subjected by the laws of her country. But until "that good time coming" shall actually have arrived, it may not be out of place for one of the "male sex" to ask a place in the columns of the The Lily, for the purpose of presenting a concise statement of what the writer will term "Woman's Rights, and Woman's Wrongs, according to law."

Law, which is defined to be a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in the State, is composed of written and unwritten, or of statute and common law. Statute law is the express written will of the Legislature, rendered authentic by certain prescribed forms, and solemnities. The common, or unwritten law, on the other hand, includes those principles, usages, and rules of action, applicable to the government, and security of person and property, which do not rest for their authority upon any express and positive declarations of the will of the legislature. It is said to be founded in the opinions of sages, or deduced from universal, or immemorial usage, and is to be learned from the decisions of courts of justice, and in the treatises, and digests of eminent men "learned in the law."

In the examination of this subject it is proposed to do so first, in relation to written, or positive law; and secondly to unwritten, or common law.

In England, an act of Parliament is the highest authority in the land, and demands from all perfect obedience. No court, or judicial tribunal of any kind, has a right to call in question its enactments. In this country, no such principles exist. True, Congress, within its legitimate limits, and the State legislatures, within the purvew of their authority, constitute the law-making power; yet there are certain things which even Congress and legislatures cannot do. The constitutions of the United States, and of the respective States, restrict the law-making power within safe and healthy limits; and whenever either assume to pass beyond these limits, their acts are declared unconstitutional by the judicial tribunals. It becomes important then to inquire, what is the position of woman, viewed in the light of the constitution, first of the United States, and secondly of the States?

In proceeding to examine this important question we may in the first place assume the position as indisputable that the constitution was made for the benefit of the *whole race;* and that all rights therein secured, are to be enjoyed as much by the one sex as the other, unless there appears on the face of the instrument a positive declaration to the contrary. Such a rule of interpretation is the only one which can consistently be adopted; for to suppose a different one possible, would be to throw the greatest discredit upon the illustrious men by whom our national charter of republican government was adopted.

Reading, then, the Constitution of the United States in the light of this just principle of interpretation, we shall find very little indeed to justify any assumption of superiority by one sex over the other.

The preamble to the Constitution declares it to have been adopted by "*the People of the United States.* As women confessedly form more than an equal half of the "people," it will not, I think, be denied that they had an equal right to a voice in ordaining and establishing this "constitution. The first section goes on to declare that, "All legislative powers herein granted, shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which consist of a Senate and House of Representives."

"Sec. 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the People of the several States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for the most numerous banch of the State legislature."

As the "People," according to Webster, "are the body of persons who compose a community, town, city, or nation," it has been insisted that by this section woman is entitled to an equal voice with man in the election of representatives. This would have been the true construction had not the latter clause been added, which leaves the qualifications of electors to be determined by the several States. Even with this clause, it may be a question whether the State governments, in fixing these qualifications, have a right to disfranchise one half of all the People. It is certain, however, that they have done so; and this fact we may set down as woman's wrongs, No. One.

In fixing the qualification of members of the Senate, and House of Representatives, the Constitution does not assume to settle from which sex the members shall be taken. It only declares the age, and term of citizenship, which such members shall respectively attain; and the only phrase from which it might be claimed that men alone were eligible, is the use of the word "*he,*" which is here used as a substitute for the word *person*, and does not therefore limit the primary signification of that term. It may, therefore, be justly assumed, that women are constitutionally, eligible to the office of Senator, or Representative in Congress, if the people choose to elect them.

There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent a woman's being elected President of the United States. Section 5, of Art. 2, declares that "no person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any *person* be eligible to that office, who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States."

We may, therefore, have a woman for President, when the People choose to elect one. The qualifications of Vice President are the same as those of the President.

In reference to officers appointed under the Constitution, there is nothing in that instrument to exclude women from filling them. In fact, from the earliest history of the Government, women have been so appointed to various offices under it. And if women can be Deputy Post Masters, they are also eligible to the office of Post Master General; and if they may hold *that* office, they may also be appointed Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, &c.; inasmuch as the qualification for filling the latter offices are the same as the former.

From this hasty examination it would appear that the Constitution of the United States presents no obstacles in the way of woman's elevation to the full enjoyment of all the rights of citizenship. She is not excluded from any post under it, to which the people may elevate her, and its several provisions seem to have been drawn for the protection of her civil rights. It contains no allusion to "white male citizens," but guarantees equal rights to all persons who go to make up the comprehensive phrase, "the People of the United States."

Civis.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LILY.

My Dear Mrs. Bloomer:—Exceedingly glad that you have found it expedient to transplant The "Lily" to the soil of Ohio, which we cannot but feel assured possesses the elements necessary to insure it a healthy and vigorous growth. And, furthermore, we are very glad of a chance to adopt a few "Senecas" into our "Buckeye" family; the reason must be obvious to you. I do wish the "*Cayuga Chief*" could be induced to emigrate. If I knew what string he is influenced by, I would certainly pull upon it. Please to give him a handful of my choicest compliments, and tell him that there is a boundless field, and plenty of game to be had for the catching, away out here in Ohio. But there is some trouble in catching it, to be sure, as yet, which will probably be obviated by the Maine Law, or something better, in the course of time; and then we will not only have a feast of green corn, but a general and universal jubilee throughout the wigwam,—provided all are allowed to participate in it, irrespective of sex or color.

I do not claim that our Ohio temperance folks are any more active and energetic than our friends in some other States; and they may not rally to your support with as much energy and zeal as you could wish. But they seem to be increasing in numbers, and that is some consolation; and if all of them will practically illustrate their own theories, the world will soon be much better than it now is.

But there is a serious draw-back; theoretical, are not always practical temperance folks; and while professing much solicitude about the temperance movement, their sympathies are with the opposite party. They are a curse to the cause. Cannot somebody invent a process for getting rid of them? I had rather possess forty sincere enemies, than one treacherous friend.

Wishing that yourself, and the readers of "The Lily," may enjoy a "Happy New-Year," I will close this interview. I have nothing more to say at present, but intend to say something more when the spirit moves. Until that time arrives, adieu.

Harriet N. Torrey.

Unionville, Lake Co., O.

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Victor, Dec. 15th, '53.

My Dear Mrs. Bloomer:—Allow me to express my regret, and, I trust, that also of your numerous friends here, at your leaving us for a distant home.

Seneca Falls has long been endeared to us, as the place of your residence. We have felt that you were near us, and almost fancied we could inhale the sweet perfume of "The Lily," as it came from the press teeming with interest and instruction—have welcomed its arrival with pleasure, and, though small, ranked it *first* amongst our Papers. We have met in public, and in private, as dear friends, as "Good Templars," as coworkers in the Temperance Reform; and as familiar correspondents interchanged kindred thoughts and feelings,—thus cementing the ties of friendship, and affording theme for endearing retrospection in after life.

But, as there is nothing permanent in human life, we with renewed hope look forward to that bright land where the union of "kindred spirits" is perfect and unbroken. We commend you, and yours, to the warmest sympathies of new friends and acquaintances, trusting you will there, as here, elevate and refine the social circle, improve society, and as bright and shining lights, illuminate the dark recesses of ignorance, remove prejudice, undermine superstition, and diffuse light and knowledge far and wide, benefitting mankind, and forming a halo of light which will encircle your brows in your *Celestial Home.*

Our dear Lily we consign to the fostering care of our "Sister State;" trusting that, transplanted to a more genial soil, it will unfold its bright petals with renewed beauty and fragrance; and that we may gather from its truthful leaves lessons of love and instruction, enlarging our sympathies for the human family, and increasing our love and gratitude to Him who ever kindly watches over all our earthly interests.

Ever Yours,

Angelina Fish.

JOHNSON'S CREEK, Dec., 1853.

MRS. BLOOMER: Though a stranger to you, yet I feel a deep interest in the arduous work in which you are engaged; (that is in overturning the tables of those who change whiskey for money,) and I feel, too, that every woman, and especially, every mother, should cast in her mite to strengthen your hands, and cheer your heart; for we all know by our own experience that a faint tone of sympathy often brightens our pathway. But we would not have you think us vain enough to imagine ourselves capable of adding any thing to the interest of your little sheet. By no means; but its silent, semi-monthly visits, makes us feel we have something to do—for intempemrance is still making many bright hopes that glittered in beauty fade in gloom. Oh! how many more buds of promise must be nipped by its blighting breath—how many flowers must wither—how many stars must disappear in its darkness—how many rainbows vanish beneath its stormy sky—how many young hearts be broken and their cherished hopes and lofty aspirations laid low, and those that are fondly loved feel the bitterness of treading earths path alone, with blighted hopes, and blasted joys around them, ere its reign is o'er! If I could record all its evil deeds my sheet would be like the Prophets scroll, which he saw in his sad vision full of lamentation, mournings and woe.

A scene that once occurred within the circle of my acquaintence induced me to write the parody on those beautiful verses—"I would not live alway." Publish or reject as you see fit.

Yours for the Maine Law,
CLARISSA MUDGE.

## A PARODY.

FOR THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
With a poor drunken husband, who day after day
Resorts to that den of polution and crime,
And there spends his credit, his money, his time.

I would not live alway, thus tempted by sin;
Surrounded by brandy, rum, whisky and gin;
Where the lounger and tippler, transported to greet,
In their drunken carousal triumphant do meet,

Who, who would live alway, till reason has fled,
And a miserable shelter to cover our head?
Our living all gone to that bloated landlord,
While sickness and sorrow is all our reward.

Who, who would live alway, thus fettered by sin?
Temptation without and corruption within,
But trials and conflicts will shortly be o'er,
And the demon, Intemperance, shall rule us no more.

I would not live alway, since life is a load
To the flesh and the spirit; since there 's an abode
For the soul disenthrall'd, let me breathe my last breath,
And repose in thine arms, my deliverer, *death*.

I would not live alway, to toil like a slave—
Oh, no! let me rest, though I rest in my grave;
And there from all trouble the wicked shall cease,
And free from Intemperance, my soul be at peace.

I would not live alway with those so debased,—
Oh! unite and put down this man-killing disgrace;
Point the finger of scorn at each rumseller's sign,
Who *kill* for the profit of brandy and wine,

C. MUDGE.

PALMYRA, N. Y. Dec. 7, 1853.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER:

MADAM:—Please find enclosed $3, in exchange for which you may send a copy of The Lily to each of the persons named in the accompanying list.

Perhaps it is superfluons for me to say here that I regret exceedingly that you must at this time remove from among us; and yet it affords me much pleasure to assure you of the kind interest felt in your welfare, not only by myself, but by a large number of friends in this vicinity. A rumor to the effect that you *thought* of removing found its way to us some weeks since, but trusting that it was *but* a rumor I gave but little heed to it. But to day's Lily brings the formal announcement of your purpose. The woman's State Temperance Society will in you lose a valuable counseller, and warm, efficient friend, and in The Lily a medium of communication upon local subjects that I fear will not soon be replaced. Your kind and amiable manner of dealing with those who in matters of principle or expediency differ from you, your fidelity to your friends, and above all your noble defence of the Bible and its holy teachings, has ever commanded my admiration; and so long as you adhere to this course you may most confidently count me among those who will not desert you. For at least twenty three years I have been an open and decided abolitionist, in all places, public, and private. Still longer I have been both in theory and practice, an uncompromising friend of total abstinance; and it has been my desire to be known as an enemyto all tyranny and oppression. But so far has this been from weakening my confidence in and reverence for the Bible as a revelation of God to man, the more thoroughly I study its teachings and become embued with its spirit, the more firmly am I resolved to live and die a friend of freedom, justice and purity, and an enemy to their opposites, whatever garb they may assume. I know there is bigotry, self righteousness, and most glaring inconsistency in our church membership; and I also know that this very membership forms the strata of rock upon which the hopes of society rest. It is here, in the principles embraced in the christian religion, that every true reformer finds a firm and reliable footing, and which if destroyed would leave this world but a floating chaos.

But when I commenced I intended only to bid you good bye. With so slight a personal acquaintence I cannot of course ask for a place in your memory allotted to your personal friends, but I may be allowed to assure you that I shall ever rejoice in your prosperity, and most fervently pray that the smiles of Him "whose favor is life" may in your darkest hour cheer and encourage you, and the blessings of those who were ready to perish ever attend you. Friends in great numbers I am certain you will find among those who will surround your new home; perhaps more efficient than those you leave behind; but I also know that the "old folks at home" will not be forgotten.

Pardon this lengthy farewell, and believe me most truly and Respectfully, Yours,

I. C. GALLUP.

## AN APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE—TO THE WOMEN OF OHIO.

At the meeting of the Women's State Temperance Society, held at Dayton, September 21, 1853, the undersigned were appointed a committee to prepare an Appeal for the more extended and effective co-operation of women in the Temperance cause.

Hitherto the work of regenerating and elevating public sentiment has been supposed to come within the legitimate sphere of *man* only, because he only possessed the requisite physical and intellectual strength and genius. But the unsuccessful attempts, at an immense cost of fortune and of faith, to institute a remedy for moral evil, with only one of the two elements that combine to produce the *vital force* of every living thing, has developed the necessity of a recognition of woman's original capacity, equal right and corresponding duty to exert *her* efforts too, in the struggle for a better and purer humanity.

In no department of social and moral effort has this been more conspicuous than in the Temperance movement, where, it is allowed by all, even the most conservative, that our sex have a work to perform, and that our mission at this important crisis is one of great magnitude. Facts connected with the movement from the days of Washingtonianism down to the present time, show that from causes evident to close observers, the people have gradually lost confidence in individual moral action, as a *measure* adapted to secure the desired reform, or to destroy drunkenness, and now demand in its stead, a prohibitory law, as the only cure—the last resort.

From this enterprise, we, as women, having no legal political rights available in this warfare, *seem* to be excluded. We have no legal recognition as citizens, nor as voters, and hence cannot do the legitimate work of such. Nevertheless the most important part of the work is left upon our hands.

It is easily demonstrated that laws in advance of the people's approval will not be obeyed, and that their tendency is to beget a contempt for all law.

We are doubtless safe in saying that not one-half of the people of Ohio have the necessary internal preparation for such a law as the Maine Law; and it is our appropriate business to plant deep in the hearts of the people, such principles as will form a true basis for an all-powerful prohibitory law.

Our relative work in this enterprise seems to be, therefore, "to breathe underneath the ribs of Death, a living soul," for such in all cases, is moral agitation to legislative acts.

By appeals to reason and to conscience we are to convince not only the brother, the son, the husband, and the father, but also the rumseller and the drinker, the voter and the legislator, that the cardinal principle of Temperance is, *Total abstinence from all that can intoxicate;* that without this, there is no sure foundation, no *practical* philosophy.

Will any woman say, I have no influence—I am not able to use arguments with the other sex?—You would not reason thus, if you saw your brother or son in a fit of partial insanity, making preparation to destroy his own life. You would then have arguments enough, and power enough to use them, as long as there was hope in their efficacy, and should this fail, you would not hesitate to use stratagem or even force to thwart his pnrposes; nay, you would not hesitate to call on any passer-by to assist you if necessary in removing beyond his reach, the means of self-destruction. Then hesitate not to take the same energetic course in reference to that which destroys both soul and body.

Let no time be lost. Keep bright the fires on your own hearthstones. See that your children and youth have proper and healthful mental excitement and amusement, that shall develope the higher and purer elements of their natures and thus close every avenue to animal dissipation. Cultivate their tastes and prepare their hearts to choose the lecture room, and musical concert, and the religious meeting before the vile haunts of gaming and drunkenness.

Circulate tracts denouncing the Liquor Traffic, portraying its fearful results and insisting upon high-toned moral action and prohibitory law. Aim to enlist the energies of all your female friends in this good work, and be yourselves consistent; attend no parties where wine is offerd the guests, nor suffer any to do it, over whom you have a rightful authority, or can exert an influence. Associate freely with none who manufactor, buy, sell or use alcoholic and intoxicating liquors, trade with no merchants who deal in the article, exert your influence to prevent the use of adulterated wines in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and in all cases, as far as possible, let precept and example go hand in hand. Let all feel at liberty to complain of the disproportionate sufferings of our sex from a curse in which we are *comparatively* free from the guilt, and to insist upon redress by a prohibitory law, to which we are entitled, and the demand for which we are bound to create in the hearts of the people.

Finally, as you regard your high destiny, as you love your husband and son, and your sympathy is moved for that beggared, outcast wife and mother, in all her wicked inglorious loveliness, as you pity her suffering children, driven out to shiver in the wintry blasts, and subsist upon the world's cold charities, as you weep over the once bright gem of your own fireside, now estranged in vilest degradation, frienziedly imploring pardon of God and man, or in the writhings and contortions of delirium tremens, dodging the shafts of demons who have come to torment him before the time—manhood gone, genius gone, hope, that lingers longest, gone!! As you regard all these, nay more, as you regard humanity and God, remember that these require at your hand that *will* should ripen into deed; and that sympathy and tears should furnish corresponding action.

Pause not in fear,
Preach no desponding servile view,
Whate're thou will'st, thy will can do.
Work sows the seed,
Even the rock may yield its flower,
No task so hard, but human power
Exalted to one end and aim
May conquor fate; work on and win.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
M. E. PECK,
J. C. BATEHAM,
MARY B. BIRDSALL.

☞[Ohio papers pleas copy.]☜

—Females were introduced into composing rooms in Albany, on Monday for the first time. They were set to work on the Country Gentleman. *Utica Observer.*